

## Miscellaneous.

### THAT DROP OF BLOOD.

Mr. Editor:—I have read with much interest the extract from Belle Scott, published in the *Journal and Messenger* of Oct. 3d. The case of poor Patsy is so interesting to me, that I have been unable to let it pass without writing you a few lines. This is so intensely interesting and touching, that I hope you will favor your readers with another extract, so that those who have not yet read the book may look upon a picture which is not only true of life but deeply affecting.

In June in the year—, a traveler in the western part of Virginia was slowly descending a steep hill. At a turn in the road he stopped almost involuntarily to gaze upon the beautiful landscape before him. At the bottom of the hill ran a deep, wide creek, the banks of which were shaded on both sides by great sycamore trees and wild rose bushes and other shrubs and flowers in full bloom; which were mirrored in the slowly-moving green water below. A flock of partridges were wheeling in the air, and showing at each turn their brilliant plumage of green and gold.

A road rough with loose stones and huge rocks, lay on the west bank of the creek, and followed its windings.

At a turn in this road which brought those who passed along it into view of the traveler, he saw first a buggy driven by a young man neatly dressed, and behind that a row of seven or eight wagons, each drawn by two horses, and filled with negro and mulatto women and children. Behind these wagons followed a coffin of eight slaves. They were in chains. The iron ring around the right ear of one was attached by a chain to a like ring on the left ear of another, and in the middle of these chains were rings that attached the whole party to a leading chain that extended along the whole line.

They moved slowly along the uneven, winding road, and at a distance looked like some great monster undulating and twining over the inequalities of the ground over which it passed.

Upon riding nearer, the traveler saw an old man of sixty years chained to a bright mulatto boy of sixteen. The old man's face was thoughtful and full of care; the boy walked bravely on, but in spite of his efforts to restrain them, tears would start to his eyes and steal down his cheeks. Some of the men were talking comely, and all were serious; the men were variously dressed, some of them in the coarse clothing of field laborers, others in well-fitting garments of good quality.

Behind the coffin were five or six horse carriages, each driven by a well-dressed white man, with a colored woman seated at his side.

In the last of these carriages sat a woman so nearly white, but for her position, it would have been difficult to discover the traces of intermixture with the African race. Her soft black hair hung uncurled for shading her large lustrous black eyes; her features were as finely and delicately cut as a statue by the hands of an accomplished artist. She moved not, spoke not, looked neither to the right or left, and seemed to be wholly unconscious of objects around her; on her face sat not sorrow, nor traces of mental anguish, nor grief, nor anguish, nor misery—but despair.

If you have stood by the gallows when the doomed man took his last look at the scenes before him, and at the sunshine; if you have stood by the side of the gay young man, when his warm blood was gushing from a wound inflicted by the assassin in the street, and he had just been informed that he had but a minute to live; if you have been at the death-bed of the hardened sinner, whose eye is now too dim to see the brazen serpent that Moses placed on a pole for the healing of Israel, and heard him whisper with his last breath, "It is too late—I am lost," if you have seen the widow, standing by the grave of her only son, as she has seen the young man, whose face has just fallen, quickly as the flower of the meadow before the scythe of the mower—then you may imagine the despair that spread its raven wings over the face of that poor woman.

The procession halted. A man dressed in gray clothing, burly and big mounted on a fat and clumsy horse, rode up, and inquired for the owners or agent of the owners of the coffin of slaves. He was told that the owners were a few miles in the rear, but that the agent was the young man who rode in front. He picked his steed into the far side of his horse, trotted to the young man, and stated that he wished to buy a negro woman. He was told that the woman in the rear was for sale, and would be sold at a low price; but after a close inspection he refused to purchase her. Another woman was then shown to him. He examined her carefully, and the purchase was made. The price was paid, and the company were starting, when a white boy ran up and said, addressing himself to the agent:

"Mr. Tibbs wants you to come right quick to him; something's the matter with the girl he has to take care of."

The agent went quickly to the rear, and there, standing upright in the buggy, by the side of Tibbs, sat Patsy, the woman already described. A single drop of blood rested just below one corner of her mouth; her face was sad, even in death, for she was dead; her heart had broken.

Poor Patsy! In her position as housemaid, in a family in Washington city, she had observed the deportment of cultivated persons, and her own manners were as quiet and refined as the best culture could make them. The same dreams of love and happiness passed through her girlish imagination, and warmed her heart, that cheer and softened the hearts of all her sex. And then she married—the lover of her youth, and of her choice—and loved him more intensely than she loved her own life. He was a free man, a mechanic, industrious and sober, and they both hoped that, by his industry, they would soon become free. Children clustered around their humble hearth, and the footsteps of their little feet as they followed her, made music to her heart. They threw their arms around her neck, and she half forgot in their caresses that she was a slave. Her little boy, with his rich clusters of hair shading his bronzed forehead, was dearest to her, because he bore the many image of his father. Her prattling little girl wiped with her soft hands the tears from her face, and soothed her with kind and comforting words when she wept from the fear of separation. The smiles of her infant were as sweet as such smiles always are to the mother's heart. And then came the doom—forebodings of her sale to the trader—the most agonizing submission that a slave can offer, trembling as she does so, to a cold and

heartless mistress, could remove from the brow of that mistress the frown that gathered there when Patsy approached. And then her husband, meekly offered to purchase her; but the whole purchase-money was demanded in one payment, and in cash; and he had no power to make it. He offered to labor for years on years, until he should become an old man; but that offer was rejected. Then followed nervous apprehensions of sale; so that Patsy started and trembled at the sound of every approaching footstep. And then came the hour so long delayed, so greatly dreaded, when the trader and his gang straggled upon her in her little home, and tore her from the arms of her children; the last look—the last embrace of her little Harry, and her girl and her babe. Can you wonder that she died broken-hearted, far away from all she loved—with no kind hand to soothe the anguish of her dying hour, and that a drop of blood rested on her face!

The traveler went on his journey, but that drop of blood on the pale face of that poor slave, as she sat cold in death, made a deep impression upon him. Perhaps the optic nerve was diseased. In after years he saw it in places where its presence was least looked for. He saw it on the faces of cotton and hog-chesters of sugar; on newspapers—even religious papers were spotted with it; on the pages of the novel and poet; on books of science and of ethics; on records of courts he saw it spiral, until they were in places covered with crimson. He saw it on the ballot, and in the right hand of the voter, till the palm of that right hand was red with blood.

He saw it beneath the blaze of gas-lights, where long rows of silver and cut-glass ornaments, the table, and beautiful women and brave and learned men sat joyously at the feast; and there, in a moment of rest, that drop of blood oozed out upon each plate, and spotted each glass, and his soul sickened at the sight.

A beautiful young bride, decked in white robes, with orange flowers upon her head and surrounded by groups of laughing girls, was arranging her hair before she went down to her marriage, cast a glance at the diamond ring which the bridegroom had just placed upon her finger, and turned white as Italian marble, and shuddered in every limb. The traveler at her side saw in that diamond the drop of blood, fresh and crimson. Was the vision of the bride made unnaturally acute by her excitement, and did she see it, too? In a moment it was gone—the diamond shone in its bright splendor; the bride became composed, and in a few moments was—wife.

A young minister charmed by the fervor of his eloquence and piety all who heard him—the traveler sat in his pew and saw that drop of blood spread itself over his manuscripts, as lay upon the Bible; till it covered every page.

He saw Christians meet together to commemorate the love of Him who died for them; and that drop of blood floated like oil upon the wine, and spotted all the bread; as those Christians pressed them to their lips and prayed to be forgiven. But he did not see it on the works of nature. The deep blue sea was stainless, as when it bent over Eden before the sin of man. The white lily bloomed radiant and glistening in its unsullied purity. The rose, seated in moss and dripping with dew, was immaculate in her queenly beauty, and the plumage of the dove was all unstained.

He opened the Book of God—and its every page and line were "pure as the spirit that made it." There was no spot there—Oh no! all that his eye rested upon in it, was free from every stain or trace of blood.

He consulted the learned Dr. Stebbins, who told him that the optic nerve was diseased, and that the diagnosis indicated amaurosis, and made a long prescription—which did the traveler no good.

He consulted his beloved pastor, the venerable Doctor of Divinity—the Rev. Thomas Stowace, who told him that his imagination was diseased, and tenderly and affectionately talked in mild and gentle tones and terms of fanaticism, and the danger of losing one's influence, and of organic law, and of the difference between religious and political questions, and the folly of meddling with strife that belonged to the mediator; but as the good man talked, he looked surprised; for he, too, saw the same spots of blood almost everywhere—even upon holy things—and he, too, shared in the fanaticism that at first he had thoughtlessly condemned; and like other contagious, its own peculiar laws. Those who would, could see the spots as the traveler saw them; those who would not, were blinded.

### Clippings.

Fillibuster Walker has re-established Slavery in Grenada.

John Hull, a sexton, died in Quincy, Mass., on Wednesday last, upon his hearth, while he was driving it to a funeral.

In a Dublin paper Mr. Flanagan appends his name to the following:

"I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

While a little daughter of Moody Bar-bank, of Waterville, Me., was standing near a window, a partridge flew from the woods against the window, breaking the glass in to a hundred pieces, and perched upon her shoulder.

The Albany Northern Railroad was sold Thursday morning under a foreclosure of the second mortgage bonds, for the sum of \$350,000. We understand that the purchase was made for the second bond holders.

The Great French Fraud.

We have noticed the perpetration in France of an immense railway fraud, and the arrest in New York of some of the parties engaged in it. Charles Charpentier, the main man in this fraud, came over to this country, but escaped arrest, when his confederates were taken. He, however, has been caught, and is now in prison in New York. Charpentier fled from New York city into the interior, disguised himself by shaving off his moustache, cropping his hair, and wearing a farm laborer's garb. He hired out to a farmer near Newburgh for his board and small wages, but was tracked and caught.

In connection with this arrest is another singular feature. An anonymous note sent to some of the parties interested said that at Tenement House No. 197, West Sixteenth street, New York, under a coal lamp in the cellar, were three inches of saw dust, under this a wooden box enclosed a tin box, which contained part of the valuable obtained by that fraud. The box was found by the officers, but the contents have not been divulged as yet.

### Curiosity of Electricity.

The curiosities of that terrible, but mysterious agent, lightning, are made the subject of an interesting paper in a recent number of the *British Quarterly Review*. Two clouds are not necessary for the production of lightning, which is frequently discharged from a solitary clump of vapor when a connection can be established with the earth. A French Academician, named Marcolle, describes a case where a mere cloudlet, about a foot and a half in diameter, killed a poor woman by dropping a thunderbolt upon her head. It has been shown by Faraday that the electric fluid contained in a single flash might perhaps be supplied by the decomposition of one grain of water. Mr. Arago has divided the lightning into 3 sorts. The first includes those where the discharge appears like long, luminous lines bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple or red. This kind is known as forked lightning because it occasionally divides into 2 branches. Carpenter relates a case where a flash severed into three forks, each of which struck on points several hundred feet apart.

The second class of lightning differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused, and is designated as sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply gilds the edges of the cloud, whence it leaps; but at others it floods with lurid radiance, or else suffuses its surface with blanches of a rosy or violet hue.

The third class of lightnings are remarkable for their eccentricities, and have been made the subject of considerable attention among meteorologists, many of whom have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings, they differ so widely from the ordinary sort of flashes. They exhibit themselves as balls, or globular lumps of fire—not momentary apparitions, but meteors which take their own time, and travel at a remarkable rate. It is this peculiarity which gives them their doubtful character, as a electrical bolt is supposed to be one of the leading emblems of velocity.

Among other anomalies related of this kind of lightning is the following incident, which occurred to a tailor in the Rue St. Jacques, Val de Grace, about the year 1743. Mr. Babinet was commissioned by the Academy of Sciences to investigate the facts, and reported substantially as follows:

"After a loud thunder clap, the tailor being finishing his meal, saw the chimney board fall down as if best by a slight gust of wind, and a globe of fire, the size of a child's head, came out quietly into the room, at a small height above the floor; the tailor said it looked like a good-sized kitten, rolled up into a ball, and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, but he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, like a young cat that wants to rub itself against its master's leg; but by moving them aside gently he avoided the contact. It appears to have played for several seconds about his feet, he bending his body over it and examining it attentively. After trying some excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head, which he threw back to avoid touching his face. The globe elongated a little, then steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantelpiece, which hole received a stove-pipe in winter, but was now posted over with paper. 'The thunder,' he said, 'could not see the hole; but nevertheless the ball went straight to the aperture, removing the paper without burning it, and made its way into the chimney. Shortly afterwards, and when he supposed it had time to reach the top, it made a dreadful explosion which destroyed the upper part of the chimney and threw the fragments on the roofs of smaller buildings, which he broke through. The tailor's lodging was on the third story; the lower ones were not visited at all by the thunder bolt.'

Lightning when it meets with an obstruction in its course, frequently shatters the non-conducting object, dispersing and bursting substances in every direction, as if they had been charged with gunpowder. The stone pinnacle of a church in Cornwall was struck by lightning, and one fragment weighing three hundred pounds was hurled sixty yards to the southward, another four hundred yards to the north, and a third to the southwest. In 1828 the top-gallant mast of H. M. ship Rodney was literally cut up into chips by a flash of lightning; the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenter had been sweeping their shavings overboard. Sometimes in striking a tree or mast, the electric fluid will slice it into long shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like a huge broom or a bundle of lath. Lightning bolts will occasionally dash through resisting objects by tearing great openings, as in a cornish church, where apertures were made in the solid wall of the belfry fourteen inches deep, and as if cut out by art. In other instances small holes are drilled which are surprising for their circularity of form. Window panes have been frequently pierced in this fashion, without affecting the rest of the glass. In forming these apertures, a burr or projection is left upon the edges.

Juvenile electricians are in the habit of making holes in cards by passing discharges through them, when a burr or projection will be observed on both sides of the office. Sometimes a single discharge will produce two holes in a card, each puncture marked by a single burr, on the upper and the other on the under side of the card. In some instances the results are such as to suggest that a flash may be split up into several fiery filaments before it strikes an object. In 1777 a weathercock of tin-plated copper was hurled by a thunderbolt from the top of a church in Cremona, and upon inspection, was found to be pierced with eighteen holes; in nine of them the burr was conspicuous on one side, and in nine it was equally prominent on the other, while the slope of the burr was identical in all.

Among the curiosities of lightning are what is termed "fingerings," or tubes, which the lightning constructs when it falls upon a silicious spot, by fusing the sand. They may be called sists of thunderbolts. In some hillocks of sand in Cumberland, England, these hollow tubes have been found from one-fiftieth to two inches in diameter, tapering perhaps to a near point. The entire extent of the tubes may be thirty feet, but they usually separate into numerous branches, and have the appearance of the skeleton of an inverted tree. They are lined with glass, as smooth and perfect as if it had been made in a glass-house.

A Supreme Court Commissioner of New Jersey, whose habits have placed him in jail as a vagrant, had himself taken before the Hudson County Court the other day, on a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by himself. He made his own argument, but failed to convince the Judge and was remanded to jail.

### Advertisements.

J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
DEALERS IN  
**Drugs, Books**  
GROCERIES,  
Daguerotype & Ambrotype Stock,  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,  
Fancy Goods, and Everything else.  
—ALSO—  
BOOK BINDERS,  
AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
MELODEONS, GILT FRAMES, &c.  
Wooler, Sept. 1, 1856—2nd.

BAUMGARDNER'S  
BOOK BINDERY,  
WOOSTER, OHIO.  
THIS celebrated institution is one of the best of the kind in the West. We are fully prepared to execute all jobs in the way of BINDING, GILDING, BLANK WORK, &c., at Eastern prices.

Persons wishing any Binding done, will please leave their Books at CASKEY'S Book Store, and the same will be promptly bound and returned.

J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.,  
Wooler, Sept. 1, 1856—2nd.

DIAGNOSTIC & AMBROTYPE MATERIALS.—Including Instruments, Apparatus, Cases Chemicals, and everything used by Artists, will be found at the Columbian Building. Our stock is large, and in the State, and prices will be large lower. Orders are respectfully solicited, and satisfaction warranted. Terms cash.

J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.,  
Wooler, Sept. 1, 1856—2nd.

DELTON'S OUT-LINE MAPS.  
We have the Agency for these celebrated maps, and will supply Teachers and School Districts at publisher's prices. New edition \$25. All orders enclosing cash will receive prompt attention.

J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.,  
Wooler, Sept. 1, 1856—2nd.

MELODEONS.—Lovers of music, why do you spend your best days playing on a Jew's Harp or cracker Accordion, when you can buy the best Melodeons at the Columbian Building for \$15 to \$150? Come up and see them. J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO., Wooler, Sept. 1, 1856—2nd.

"Get out of the way, 'Old Seedy,'  
I'm bound for Cohn's this time!"  
"The First Thing You Know!"

CLOTHE YOURSELF!  
FRESH ARRIVAL  
OF  
**CLOTHING!**  
Benjamin Cohn  
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has just returned from the East with

Clothing for the Million!  
Which he is determined to sell cheaper than the truth of the matter is, that the same kind of goods have been sold in this city for years.

Ready Made Clothing  
Of every description, suitable for Fall, Winter and Summer. Dress Coats, of the finest cloth, made in almost every conceivable fashion; Over Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Undershirts, Drawers, Shirt Collars, Cravats, &c., &c.

FURNISHING GOODS.  
Such as Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., &c., kept on hand in endless quantity and quality, and sold cheap.

Clothing made to order on the shortest possible notice.  
Sept. 11, 1856.

Port Monies.  
THE Stock of this assortment having been reduced to about a bushel, they will be sold astonishingly cheap to make room for the next dry load, at CASKEY'S, on the Corner.

Bound to be Hung,  
AND sold to the Wall Paper and Window Blinds, to be had at CASKEY'S, on the Corner.

READ.  
WE notify all those who know themselves indebted to us, over six months, either by note or book account, to come up and pay the amount due us by the 1st of October next. After that time, if not paid or satisfied, we positively will resort to collection according to law.

HEBRON & WEIRICH,  
Sept. 4, 1856—2nd.

Valuable Property for Sale.  
THE undersigned wishes to sell the House and Lot now occupied by William Reed, situated in the town of Holmesville, Holmes Co., Ohio. Said property is favorably situated for business. There is on the lot a good two-story frame building in which there is fitted up a good store room, now occupied for that purpose. There is also a good warehouse and other out-buildings on said lot.

The property is a desirable one, and will be sold cheap. For particulars inquire of JAMES HUTCHISON, Sept. 4, 1856—2nd.

HEBRON & WEIRICH,  
DEALERS IN  
ENGLISH, GERMAN, AMERICAN  
**HARDWARE,**  
CUTLERY, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Fine Doors, Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings.  
Millersburg, Sept. 11, 1856—3rd.

Notice in Divorce.  
Cordelia Hull vs. In Holmes Common Pleas.

George W. Hull, of Stevenson county, State of Illinois, is hereby notified, that Cordelia Hull did, on the 24th day of September, A. D. 1856, file her petition in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Holmes and State of Ohio, charging the said George W. Hull with willful absence from said petitioner for three years last past, and asking that she may be divorced from the said George W. Hull and for the custody of their minor child, Owen S. Hull; which petition will be for hearing at the November term, A. D. 1856, of said Court.

Dated this 8th day of Sept., 1856.  
CORDELIA HULL,  
By RICHARD F. VOORHIES, her Att'y.

HARDWARE.  
W. BINGHAM & CO.,  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
Foreign and Domestic Hardware,  
Swedes, English and American  
Iron, Nails and Coppers, Tin Plate,  
Sheet Iron, Copper & Wire,  
12 and 14 Water Street,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.  
GENTS for Rubber Belting, Menecy's Church Bells.

### NEW STORE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENS-  
WARE, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., &c.  
THE subscriber, thankful for the liberal share of patronage bestowed upon him since his commencement in business in this place, respectfully solicits a continuance of the public favor.

He has constantly on hand a full supply of the articles enumerated above, which he will sell at the most reduced rates, and most

Honorable and Fair Terms.  
Please to give him a call. Opposite Butler's Western House.  
P. REIMENSDNER.  
Aug. 21, 1856—1st.

UPHAM'S  
LIFE OF  
John C. Fremont,  
IN one handsome volume. Illustrated—For 75 cents, at the BOOK STORE.

Valuable Books.  
BARNES' Notes on the Gospel.  
Clarke's Commentaries.  
Buck's Theological Dictionary.  
Joseph's Complete Works.  
Lorenzo Dow's Complete Works.  
Goldsmith's Animated Nature.  
Camp Fires of the Revolution.  
Library of Natural History.  
D'Aubigny's History of the Reformation.  
Cummings' Lectures on the Apocalypse.  
The Plaster's Victim.  
Travels in Europe and the East, by Prince.  
Meade's History of England—1 volume.  
Christian Life, Social and Individual, by Payne.  
Twenty Years a Slave, by Solomon Northrup.  
The Testimony of an Escaped Novice.  
Mothers of the Bible.  
Religious Courtship.  
The Christian Family Library.  
The Apocryphal New Testament.  
New's Biblical Antiquities.  
The Elements of Moral Science, by Wayland.  
The Refugee, or Narrative of Fugitive Slaves.  
Bacon's Sermons.  
Piscator's Progress, with Notes.  
Bunyan's Holy War.

For sale at the  
MILLERSBURG, Sept. 4, 1856.

School Books.  
ALL the various kinds of School Books used in this section of the State, can always be found at the Book Store, Millersburg, Ohio. Among them may be found:

Geographies: Mitchell's Primary do Intermediate do Geography and Pincus's Primary do Analytical do Green's Analysis of the Bible do Quarte do Geography and Kirkham's do Bellon's Latin do do Reader do School do American do School Dia- logues do English Speaking and do Grammar Book do Humorous Speaker do Humorous Election do Frost's Speaker do Letell's Young Speaker do U. S. do do Surveying: do Davis's do Gunnison's do Webster's all sizes do Walker's do Worcester's do

What you want.  
BIDDLE'S Carpenter's Assistant, a late publication, and the best of the kind in print. Byrne's Mechanic's Manual, a Pocket Companion for working Carpenters, Joiners, Masons, Painters, Glaziers, &c. Life of Franklin do Do's Works, complete for \$3 Plutarch's Lives do Life of Washington do Signers of the Declaration of Independence do The Young Lady's Own Book do Language of Flowers—Gift Book for Young Ladies do Book of Etiquette.

Just received at the  
BOOK STORE.

For Teachers and Scholars.  
SPENCER & WRIGHT'S Penmanship.  
The Illustrated Composition Book, containing Directions, Subjects, and Blank Leaves for Composition.

The Composition Book, also a good thing. 500 Mistakes, of daily occurrence, in speaking, writing, &c., corrected. Analytical Orthography, by Wright. Chapman's American Drawing Books do Drawing Lessons do Faber's Pencils, all Nos. do Dividers, Drawing Papers, Paints, &c. To be had at the Book Store, Millersburg.

PAYSON'S  
INDELIBLE INK,  
Used without Preparation.

WITH THIS INK Writing can be done on Linen and Cotton Cloth, in the same manner as with common Ink on paper. IT IS WARRANTED NOT to injure or corrode the finest fabric, and for color and durability is fully equal to the best in use. For Sale at the Book Store, Millersburg.

Every Family should have one.  
A FIRST-RATE list of Thermometers just received at the Book Store. Short ones, 50 cents; long ones, one. You ought to have one about your home.

LOOKING-GLASSES.  
IT is generally acknowledged by the Ladies that the Looking-Glasses kept at the Book Store are handsomer and cheaper than any they can get elsewhere. A few more left.

GLASS.  
OF all sizes, from \$10 to \$20, at the Book Store, on the Corner.

COLD PENS.  
A GOOD assortment of Pens, and other manufacturer's Gold Pens, can be found at the Book Store in Millersburg.

Horse Farriers.  
YOUNG, Mason, of Dr. Dadd's, Skinner's, and other Farrier Books, just received at Millersburg, O.

NOTICE.  
THE subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Holmes county and vicinity, that he is still in the Foundry Business in Millersburg. He has added to his list of plans the celebrated

BUCKEYE HISOR.  
He is also prepared to furnish Ground Plans of Points got up in good style as in any other shop in the region. Please call and see his improvements.

J. H. VAN BROCKLIN, Jr.  
Aug. 21, 1856.

Brushes.  
SHEPHERD'S Counter Brushes do Yarn do Scouring do Tooth do White wash do Flesh do Darning brushes, made of Austria and Pea Fowl Feathers, can be had cheaper than anywhere else, at CASKEY'S, on the Corner.

Wanted.  
ANY quantity of Wheat, Oats, Corn, Rye, Wax, Tallow, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Rags, old Iron, Brass Copper and Pewter, and a little old CASH or anything that any body else would have, at the sign of the Big Coffee Pot.

KNIVES THAT WILL SELL.—A first rate lot of pocket knives, just received at the Book Store in Millersburg. They will sell and give satisfaction to the buyer. If you are in want of a good article will have a doubt on examining our stock. They are bound to cut their way into the pockets of the public.

Ladies Belts.  
ABOUT the best and most assortment of Ladies' Belts, Belt Buckles, Slides, Belt Buckles, &c., in town, can be found at CASKEY'S, on the Corner.

Fremont Glee Books.  
SET to music, and without the need of a

### A Single Wink—The all we ask.

H. E. HULLOCK & CO.'S  
CHEMICAL ERASER SOAP.  
THE proprietors offer this Soap to the public after much experience in its manufacture and use, with entire confidence, as one of the greatest labor, time and money saving family articles.

PLEASE OBSERVE.  
1st. This Soap contains no alkali. Hence, every ounce of it is washing material.

2d. Less than one ounce of this variety required of common Soap will do the same work of any kind; and when used as directed, it dispenses with all the pounding and machine friction, and will save very much of the time and labor usually required to do the washing a family.

3d. WATER.—In the use of this Soap, hard water needs no "breaking" or cleansing. Simply use a small excess of the Soap.

4th. Cloths will look much whiter and clearer, and last longer. The Soap itself softens the fabric and loosens the dirt, requiring but slight hand rubbing and thorough rinsing, to cleanse them perfectly. It is warranted not to injure the finest fabric.

5th. A strong solution of suds will clean pants furniture, kitchen utensils, &c., with the greatest ease, rapidly and thoroughly.

6th. Used as a restorer, it cleanses the skin of dirt, grease, tar, paint, printers' ink, &c., leaving it soft and clear, and thus effectually prevents its chapping. Machinists, artists, and all mechanics will find this soap invaluable for hand washing.

7th. It will remove oil, wheel grease, paints, &c., from silk and woolen goods, and the best flannels may be washed in it without being filled up with other soap.

We offer this Soap in a neat and merchantable style, being put up in pound bars, and each bar stamped with the proprietors' names, and warranted to give satisfaction when used according to directions.

Dealers and the public generally are requested to give the CHEMICAL ERASER SOAP a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.  
Measure into a tub the quantity of warm water required to soak your clothes. To every ten gallons of water, take half a pound or more (in proportion to the hardness of water) of the Soap. Stir the suds about with your hands into your wash basin, and pour upon it one quart of boiling water, and the soap will readily dissolve; then turn the mixture thus prepared into your tub, and stir up the suds with your hands. Then put in your clothes and let them soak over night, or half an hour to an hour in the morning, after which wring them out and wash them in cold water. Then make a leading suds of clean water, with a very little soap; bathe them five minutes, rinse once more, as usual, and hang out to dry.

For Colored Clothings, add a very little Chemical Soap to the suds, which your white clothes were soaked; put in the colored clothes and soak half an hour, after which wring out and rinse as usual, and hang them out to dry. Wooden clothes should be soaked in the suds and be rinsed in warm water. The wristbands and collars may need slight rubbing.

For Floors, Paint Brass Work, Glass, &c., make a suds of the Soap, and apply with a sponge or wooden cloth, and, after a few minutes, rinse with cold water.

For Hard Water, put your clothes in soak the same as above. But for boiling clothes, put on your water, also in a tub, and let the water boil, then remove the scum; then put clothes immediately in to boil, and proceed as above, recollecting to use more of the soap for hard than soft water.

For sale at the Book Store, Millersburg, Ohio.  
Aug. 21, 1856.

Wm. A. Batchelor's  
HAIR DYE.

MONKEY'S parrots and dogs may be taught to imitate some of the outward forms and actions of humanity—and forces manifest an aptness in stealing quite equal to the generality of mankind—but to man alone is given the ability to originate, contrive and construct, and even the animal seems to divide his faculties, as he speaks into the different point of men, or organizes, contrives and constructs—and monkeys parrots and foxes, or imitators, pretendents and speculators. Mark the caption: Wm. A. Batchelor, of 233 Broadway, New York, having by perseverance and years of toil and easily experiments, succeeded in producing a Hair Dye, for which he has received fifteen Medals and Diplomas, and which he has submitted to be perfect in all respects, a host of imitators, monkeys and pious pretenders, who always best the paths of genius and toil, and to take advantage of it they do their best to possess themselves, have sprung upon the trail laid out by "Batchelor." With peculiar pertinacity they best and worry with pretentious stories and travesty, every one who will listen to them, and they frequently succeed in gaining credit for themselves and trash. To guard the unsuspecting, the original and genuine Wm. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye is now put up with costly steel caps engraving, and his signature thereon on each side of the box, and the address, 233 Broadway, New York.

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